



VOLUME XV. No. 2

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 12, 1924

May, 1454
Genoa, Italy

MY parents have bequeathed unto me this day, my eighth birthday, a diary which I shall keep after the fashion of a ship's log. In it I shall inscribe all the longings of my sea-roving heart and the adventures it calls me to do. Every evening after I have toiled, helping my father with his wool-combing, I hasten down to the sea-shore, and listen to the roar of the breakers, and watch the ships' masts creep up over the horizon. I told my friend Pietro this day that the earth was not flat at all as the sages tell us, but really round. He laughed heartily at me, but I know that I speak the truth—something seems to tell me. Eight years ago today I was born in this old town of Italy, and my good father, although the wool-combing is not a thriving trade, has sent me to the best Dons in Genoa. But I am wearied of their book-lore, and would be out on the rocking deck of a ship!

May, 1473
Portugal

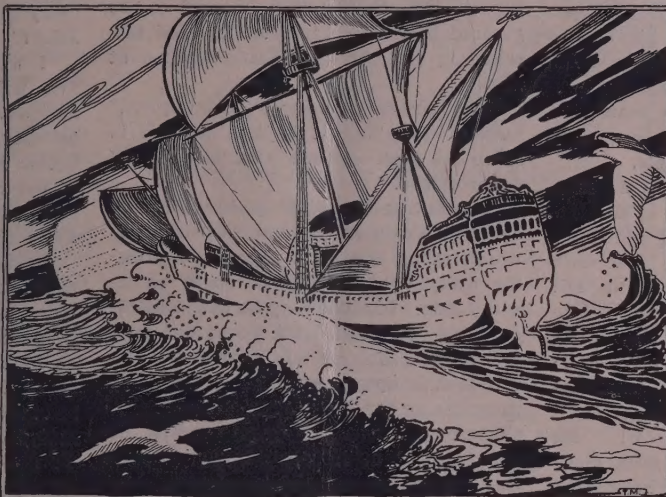
Many years have passed since my first childish inscription was placed on your leaves. I have now attained manhood, have married a good wife, and have a fine son, Diego. Many sea expeditions have I joined, and the sea has claimed me for life. Even now I would not tarry in Portugal but for the great enterprise I am seeking to undertake. I am convinced that the earth is round, and that by sailing westward I will be able to discover a new route to Asia. Their most royal majesties, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella may aid me in my plan, if his majesty, the King of Portugal, refuses to hearken to me.

May, 1492
Palos, Spain

My faithful old friend, I have not touched my quill to your pages for many years, but discouragement and failures have beset my course for so long a time, that it is only now, with promise rosily ahead in the future, that I may write of wondrous events which have happened. The King and Queen of Granada have at last acceded to my schemes for discovering a new route to Asia, and with the aid of the Pinzons, master ship-builders

A Christopher Columbus Diary

BY RUTH JAMES



of Palos, three ships will soon be ready to sail o'er strange waters, to discover strange new lands. The Santa Maria is to be my flagship, and the Nina and Pinta compose the rest of my fleet. My crew numbers one hundred and twenty men, and we plan to sail the third of August from Palos.

October 8, 1492

At Sea
I am well nigh discouraged and filled with the sense of failure and defeat. It is now thirty-six days since we have left Palos, and but for the slight sojourn at the Islands of the Canaries, we have seen no sign of land. Indeed we have seen no vestige of life, and there is nothing but endless, tossing sea—sea—sea! My men grow rebellious and I have heard mutterings of mutiny among the most trusted sailors. And yet something tells me that my great dreams will not be unfulfilled, and that great discoveries are to be mine.

October 12, 1492

San Salvador

Today a sailor of the watch, sighted land! We have landed and taken possession for Castile, and have had intercourse with the natives, who are most curious and barbaric. I have not discovered the great wealth of the Indies as yet, but have obtained a small supply of gold and products of the land to carry back with me to Spain. May God be praised for his goodness, and his guidance of my course to these new places!

March 18, 1493
Palos

This has been a day filled with the greatest rejoicing and honor! I was called to the court and received with warm greetings, by their majesties, the King and Queen of Granada. All of the entire royal court listened with breathless eagerness as I recited my adventures, and many were the exclamations of wonder and praise. Many gifts of gold and royal blessings were showered on my shoulders, and as I sit by my window, looking out ever and anon at the sea, calling and whispering to me of its wonders and mysteries, I rejoice that it has ever been the guiding spirit of my life, leading me on to discover great and new things!

March, 1503

Jamaica

My old, yellowed friend! Today as I sit in this hut in this far-off island, I found you buried beneath a great store of trophies and reminders in a battered sea-chest. Since the last salt-spattered page of accounting, what has not happened! My voyages have carried me to many strange lands and seas. At present I have been forced to seek shelter here, at Jamaica; with my trusty ship, worn out, worm-eaten, and storm-buffed. My men endure great hardships and the call of the sea mocks at me when I can no longer conquer its mighty tempests and billows!

May, 1506

Valladolid

In the Dungeon of a Prison

My only true friend in the world! My shaking fingers can scarcely inscribe the last record of my life. My strength ebbs swiftly and I know it will not be long before I shall cease to hear the call of the sea through the dungeon bars. Two years have passed since I succeeded in reaching Spain, and misfortune and sorrow have been my lot since setting foot on my native soil. My friends have cast me off, and the praise and greetings of my former friends are no longer. The good Queen Isabella, who always befriended me, is now dead and poverty has cast me into prison. I have dreamed great things my mortal life, and much has been fulfilled, so I do not complain.

THE Man-in-the-Moon made up his mind to take a night off. Shining around all the time and doing the bookkeeping for the months besides, had quite tired him out, for he must keep at it you know, one way or another for twelve months of the year, or the whole solar system would go to pieces. That is why even on a night off he must manage somehow to combine business with pleasure. Thinking it over one day as he lay awake, he decided that the best way was to take a little trip to the earth and see if all his little rays and long beams were attending to their business properly. He would inspect his moonlight factory from the other end. That would put a new face on things for him for a while—a phase of the moon, so to speak—and yet not have any bad effect on the stars and planets.

No sooner said than planned. As soon as it was dark enough outside to see, the Man-in-the-Moon got up and found an almanac. He hunted for the next date on which his factory would be in full operation—all the rays and beams shining out of open windows and doors, the great round works alive with light operations and calling everyone's attention to their great size and beauty. Why it would be night after tomorrow! He frisked about as lightly as possible, making his plans for the coming holinight.

The night of his choice found him eager and ready. In order that he might be prepared for any little earthly emergency, he tucked four bright quarters, his full allowance for the month, into his waistcoat pocket. His round, jolly face was all alive with anticipation. As this was to be a tour of inspection as well as a holinight, he said nothing about his trip to the little rays and the long beams. He wanted to see if he could catch any of them napping in the night-time! He did however, take one long, strong beam aside and tell him the secret. For, you see, he had a very especial task for that particular beam that night. He had decided to visit a little earth city by the seashore and the long, strong beam was to help him get there.

"Steady!" said the Man-in-the-Moon as he let the beam carefully down through the evening mist until one end of it rested firmly on a green bank of grass in the City Park. Then with a light spring he jumped astride the beam, and taking hold in front with both hands began to slide.

Slide-slide-slide! Two hundred thousand miles in a jiffy! And there he was, a little hot and excited, standing right side up in the Park!

"Stay right there on the bank," said he to the long beam. "I will come back in the morning and take you home with me. Meanwhile don't forget to shine as brightly as you can."

With that parting order the Man-in-the-Moon whisked away in search of adventure. He darted in and out through

Man-in-the-Moon's Night Off

By Pemberton Hale Cressey

the Park, coming boldly around the trunks of the great trees and playing merrily with the shadows of the leaves as they were dancing patterns in the pine needles and the green grass. Suddenly he came across a couple of young people sitting on a bench in a retired nook. Not near enough together for such a night as this was! Thereupon the Man-in-the-Moon gave them each a light tap on the cheek. As he passed on he glanced back over his shoulder, and saw that they had put their heads together at last.

"Moonstruck enough to suit anyone," he chuckled, "but it is time for me to leave the park and see what is going on down street!"

It made him downright glad to find that, although the boss was not "at home" to watch them, the little rays were working away as faithfully as could be on every side. In a doorway he saw a mother, tired with the day's work, but with a light of peace on her countenance as she looked upwards at the great moon illuminating the deep mystery of the sky. Glancing through an open window he caught sight of a baby playing with a tiny ray which was shining through the bars of its crib. Everywhere the little rays were busy! They were sparkling on pools of water, tripping along the tops of fences, picking out the shining surfaces of innumerable leaves on tree and shrub—for many a weary heart weaving the spell of a lovely night.

The good work the rays were doing made the Man-in-the-Moon thoughtful. He wondered if the quarters ought not to be busy too. He could feel them jingling uneasily in his pocket and he knew they wanted to be spent. Just then he happened to be passing a toy shop, in the window of which there were dolls and dolls. On the sidewalk before the shop stood a little girl with a most long expression in her grave young face. "My chance," said the Man-in-the-Moon, and very quietly he dropped one of his shining quarters at the little girl's feet. With a cry of delight the child seized the quarter and a moment later disappeared through the shop door.

"Trust her to pick out the best one," said the happy old fellow as he wandered on down the street.

He had not gone far when he saw approaching a couple of people who looked familiar. Soon he recognized them as the very couple he had tapped on the cheeks as they sat on the bench in the park. As they passed him he could not help hearing what the man was saying so earnestly.

"If I only had better luck!" he said. "If I could only get a better job! If something would only come my way!"

The Man-in-the-Moon stopped short.

"Why in this case," he said to himself, "I must be a little responsible. Let's see what one of my quarters will do."

He took one from his pocket and with careful aim sent it rolling back along the sidewalk. The quarter rolled between the young people and finally settled down right in front of them.

"Why, it's a quarter!" exclaimed the young man as he stooped and picked it up.

"What made you say nothing ever came your way," said his companion, "why don't you take it as a good omen, John?"

"I will," said the young man firmly, "we will chance it and be married tomorrow." And the next day they *were* married, and the young man *did* get a better job. But that's not really a part of the Man-in-the-Moon's story, and we must follow him as he kept merrily on down the street.

An old man was walking sadly along in the moonlight. He was sad because his eyes were growing dim and he was in great fear that some day he would be blind. He was muttering to himself about it, and the Man-in-the-Moon, as he passed by, heard his lamentation. Instantly deciding that here was a call for another quarter the Man-in-the-Moon hastily turned backwards and placed one in the path. He was glad to see that a little ray spied it at once, and made it shine very brightly. A moment later the sad old man caught sight of the quarter. With an exclamation of joy he picked it up.

"My eyes cannot be in such a very bad way after all," said the old man, "if I can still see a quarter at night." And he went on with a light heart. His fears vanished and from that very moment his eyes began to get better.

Now it so happened that the street in which the Man-in-the-Moon was walking, led down to the shore of the sea. "Splendid," said he, when he saw the great ocean bright in the moonlight, "now I can see if the long beams are doing their night's work as well as the little rays." For you know that it is the business of the long beams to shine on the water in such a way that from the feet of every one who sits by the shore or strolls along the sand there will stretch a path of gold, straight to the horizon beneath the moon. The beams must not gather selfishly together in one place, and they must certainly not go to sleep; for whenever one of the people on the shore starts to walk in either direction, one of the beams must follow along and keep the bright path always at his feet.

"The only way to inspect this part of the plant," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "is to peek over the shoulder of everyone who is sitting on a bench and follow for a step or two, everyone who is walking along the shore."

And that is just what the old fellow did! Every time he looked over someone's shoulder he saw a golden beam stretching still and straight out to the horizon, and every time he tiptoed quietly along by someone's side he saw a great beam moving along the water at just the same rate. He smiled with satisfaction because he knew that all the beams were at work making this old world as bright and charming as they could.

"My, but the night is long, and I am getting hungry!" he exclaimed after the beam-work inspection. Just then he noticed a little house with a sign over the door which read: MOONLIGHT CAFÉ.

"It looks as if I might find something to eat there," he murmured. In one window he spied some apple pies which looked promising. "I wish," said he, "that I could help someone else besides myself with this last quarter."

A group of four boys sauntering down the street at that moment, gave him just the chance he was searching. Soon he had them all sitting with him around a table in the café.

"Waiter," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "I suppose you serve cheese with your apple pie?"

"Yes sir!" replied the waiter, "green cheese, sir!"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Man-in-the-Moon, "you may bring four pieces of pie, one for each boy; bring the cheese to me."

When the meal was over and he stepped out of the café, his last quarter was gone. But in its place he had such a satisfactory feeling that he exclaimed, "Why, I feel almost like a new moon!" Just then he noticed across the ocean a faint gray light of a brand which his own factory did not produce.

"Time for me to be going," said he.

So with a last glance at the ocean and the fading moonbeams still bravely doing their duty, he hurried back along the city streets to the Park and the green bank where he had left the long, strong beam. He found the beam still there, shining a little less brightly to be sure, but valiantly doing his best.

"Time to go home," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "steady now!" And with a little running start he jumped athwart the beam and began to slide upwards.

Home at last he pulled the long beam up after him and shut the door. Then going about on his usual morning rounds he ordered all the little rays and long beams to pull themselves in, and shut all the windows and doors tightly behind them. When not a single crack in the surface of the factory could be seen anywhere, he sent all the little rays and long beams to bed. He tucked them all in with a word of appreciation for their long night's work so faithfully done. Then with a sleepy yawn, his holinight over, he turned in himself just as his great round factory disappeared behind a morning cloud.



Once Upon a Sign of The Beacon Bears' Bookshop

—there was a little carved image of a bear. But as this is a true story we are going to change the tense right now and bring it up to date. The little bear sign spells a welcome to all who pass by on Beacon street, so you lift the latch and walk in. There you find two white shelves on each side of the fireplace, stocked with big books, medium-sized books, and little books. There is a little white bench in front of the fire-place and two sturdy bear-andirons keeping guard over the hearth. Little bear parchment shades light the mantel, and

jig-saw bears frolic on the mantel top. And then, over on the side, is a round white table on which are three bowls—big, medium-sized, and little! Around the table are three stools—big, medium-sized, and little; and now you rub your eyes—for there—on the stools are the three bears themselves: Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Bobby Bear! You sit down on the bench you find "just right" and pick out the book you find "just right" and you decide that THE BEACON BEARS' BOOKSHOP is the very nicest one in the world and you live happily ever afterward!

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

Bubbles

BY CECILIA MACKINNON

Some days when it's too hot to play
House, or even School,
Blowing bubbles is the game
I love for keeping cool.

With soap and water in a bowl,
It's hard to push the door,
And very likely some will splash
Upon the kitchen floor.

So first, I take my bubble-pipe
And stir the soapsuds round,
Then beat it up and down until
It makes a gurgly sound.

The bubbles make themselves of air,
With just a little blowing;
One goes floating overhead,
Another keeps on growing;

And painted in it all the time
Are pictures of the trees,
With houses whirling round and round,
And everything it sees.

They always shiver into rain;
They only last a minute.
I wish that sometime one would stay,—
A fairy might live in it.

Goldilocks' Corner

I have been trying bowls of soup, chairs, and couches here and there; and some I found too hard, and some too hot, but here are a few that seemed "just about right" to me!

Perhaps the most delightful doll house in the world is the one known as The Queen's Dolls' House in England. It was the idea of Queen Mary, and 1700 artists and craftsmen have been working on it for two years. It is 5 feet high, 5 feet wide and 8 feet long. Inside there are two and a half inch tables, a tiny piano; towels in the linen room; golf clubs and tennis rackets and a wee vacuum cleaner; even miniature automobiles in the garage which adjoins the house. The structure is ivory white with delicately tinted, low-pitched slate roofs.—*The Youth's Companion.*

"Onward Christian Soldiers," the famous hymn written by Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, was produced in fifteen minutes. In 1865 the vicar of St. Peter's Church, Horbury, Yorkshire, wanted a hymn for the mission scholars to chant on Whit Tuesday.

When the vicar was unable to find a hymn, Baring-Gould exclaimed, "I'll write a processional." It was dashed off hurriedly in fifteen minutes, rushed to the printer's and sung the following Whit Tuesday.—*The Wellspring.*

The score was 73 to 32. So ended the first baseball game between colleges in the world's history, when Amherst College overwhelmed Williams College at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on July 1, 1859. In the trophy room of old Amherst hang two balls and with them the proud inscription: "The veritable balls used in the first inter-collegiate baseball game ever played, July 1, 1859. Amherst vs. Williams won by Amherst."—*Boylard.*

Our weekly smile:

Sambo—What kind of watch you got?

Jasbo—I has a wonder watch.

Sambo—Wonder watch! Never heard of that before.

Jasbo—Well, you see it's this way. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is.—*Good Hardware.*

THESE were not many Indian school teachers in 1873, and the New England boarding school that could boast of a Latin instructor who was a full-blood Indian had indeed cause for distinction. Yet we boys found Mr. Burdos little different from the other teachers—except that he was vastly younger and jollier and, in consequence, very popular. When it became known that Mr. Burdos was going West to join the expedition that was being formed under General Canby to drive the warlike Modocs out of their lava-bed fortresses, there was naturally much sorrow among the boys—and a good deal of curiosity.

On the last night that Mr. Burdos was to be with us, we filed in from the dining room in a solemn procession.

There was a silence. Mr. Burdos never spoke about himself. Still it seemed that we had to know why he was going out to California to join the expedition against the Modocs.

He must have noticed our embarrassment. "Oh, come now," he urged, "what are you solemn young owls thinking about?"

At that we took heart. "Tell us about California and—and the Modocs," someone said.

"Why, what should I know about California," he asked, not at all surprised or offended. "I haven't been out there for years. And as for the Modocs, I was a mere child when I saw my last Modoc. And he wasn't a bit fierce or warlike. He was dead."

Of course, after that, we had to know. Mr. Burdos really did not want to talk and he offered numerous objections. But what are objections in a case like that? He saw the uselessness of it, and finally he gave in.

"Well," he began, "all this that I am going to tell you happened a long time ago. It must have been—yes, it was just twenty years ago. I was quite a young boy then, about thirteen or fourteen, I should judge. Up until that time I had never seen a white man, nor, so far as I know, had any member of our tribe. We were not much of travelers, we Untehs, nor were we fighters. It must have been because of the peace loving characteristics of our little tribe that we were so much harassed by the Modocs who occupied the country to the north.

My people suffered a great deal from this warlike tribe. While we were engaged in trapping fish and stalking deer and planting our corn, the Modocs would be off fighting some distant tribe and would return only when winter came on and game was scarce. Then for the first time, apparently, they began to think of their winter food and would turn envious eyes upon our corn patches. Some day a band of fifty or sixty armed Modocs would walk into our camp and we would have to stand helplessly by and let them carry off our winter supply of corn.

The Menace of the Modocs

The Story of an Indian Boy who Saved His Tribe

By Oscar Lewis

I was not yet old enough to join the circle about the camp fire and, as I scorned to sit back with the women, I used to climb up on the rock above the fire and from that lofty perch, listen to what was being said.

One night I was up in my old place and was thinking that from the sharpness of the wind, winter would soon be around again when the quiet about the camp fire was broken by a strange Indian, who walked into the light of the fire from the outer darkness. He went directly to my grandfather, spoke a few words to him, and then turned about and disappeared into the woods.

When he was gone, my grandfather stood up with a grave face. "Tomorrow night," he said, "the Modocs come for our corn. They say that it must be ready, for they bring half a hundred armed warriors. That is all."

Every man was on his feet at once. This was the last, I knew. They would surely resist. And as I looked down and saw the determination on each face, and the righteous wrath, I felt that it would be indeed bad for anyone who tried to make off with our winter supply of corn.

I was thrilled as I imagined our men fighting off the attack of the Modocs and driving them back into the woods—with I myself, perhaps, using my bow to great advantage. But my grandfather was wiser than I. He saw the uselessness of fighting, for he knew that our little tribe could never resist the powerful Modocs. These things he told the people.

"My Children," he said, "we cannot fight the Modocs. We would all be slain, and it would not be brave to leave our women and children to die in the snow this winter. No, we cannot fight the Modocs; nor can we stay here and starve.

"My People," he continued, "we must go to other camping grounds. We must go far away where the Modocs cannot follow. To the South and East there are green valleys and running streams. There we can live and grow our grain in peace. There our tribe can live happily and become a brave and mighty people."

My grandfather paused. "What do you say, my People, is it not better so?"

The warriors were all standing up and the squaws had crowded about. "Yes," they cried, "we will go. We will go to the new land to the East." And so it was decided.

That night was a busy one. All haste was made, for by the time the Modocs came, we must be far away. The camp which our tribe had occupied for so long was broken up. Only such things as could be easily carried, were taken. Everything was divided into bundles and wrapped up in skins. Then, just as the

east was beginning to glow, we started. My mother carried a basket of corn and I was charged with the care of my little sister, Eenwa.

Not far from the camp flowed a creek, and this we used to put the Modocs off our trail. Instead of crossing the stream when we came to it, we turned and walked up the center against the current for nearly half a mile. Then we carefully climbed up the bank amid some bushes and started off towards the east.

We had left the creek some distance behind when I felt Eenwa, whom I was leading by the hand, holding back as if she did not want to go.

"What, getting tired so soon?" I asked, and was about to reach down and pick her up when I saw that she was crying. Now I was surprised at this, for Indian girls of nine seldom cry unless something is wrong. So I knelt down beside her and asked what the trouble was.

"Moccasins," she explained, between sobs. "Eenwa left moccasins in wigwam. Eenwa forget."

Those moccasins that Eenwa had left behind had been made by her mother out of the skin of a young deer. They were very pretty and I know that Eenwa had become very much attached to them, so I determined to go back after them.

The camp was as yet hardly a mile distant and I was sure that I could soon catch up again. I put Eenwa under the charge of one of the older girls and started back toward the camp. Once I turned and looked back. The tribe was just disappearing from sight. It was the last time that I ever saw any of them.

It was bright daylight when I again crossed the creek and approached the old camp. Everything looked peculiarly deserted and yet, as I stepped out into view, I saw a dark something glide out of the clearing and into the woods.

I ran up to the remains of our wigwam and looked about among the wreckage for the moccasins. I soon found them in one corner under an old skin.

As I stooped down to pick them up, I chanced to notice a slight movement among the trees and caught a fleeting glimpse of a dark head as it disappeared behind a tree trunk.

It was the head of a strange Indian and I knew that it was a Modoc. The moccasins I picked up and put inside my shirt and continued kicking about among the rubbish, pretending that I was looking for something else.

All the time my eyes were fugitively searching among the bushes and soon I caught a glimpse of a face peering out from among some branches, and the foot of a third as he approached, using a tree trunk as a barrier between himself and me. I realized that their presence at the camp so soon after we had left it might mean a great deal to our tribe. The Modocs could easily catch up with them by noon, and then—I had a wild desire to run

and warn them of their danger. But soon I saw the foolishness of such a course, for, instead of helping them, I would be spoiling the slight chance that they had. The Modocs would need only to follow me and I would lead them directly to our fugitive tribe.

I wondered at their attitude toward me, and when the reason finally did occur to me, I wondered at my stupidity. Of course all that they had to do was to keep out of sight and I would lead them directly to the trail of the tribe—to the tribe itself.

I had succeeded in guessing their movements, but I could not think what I should do. Soon I came to feel that my invisible audience must be getting impatient at my long delay and making a gesture as if I had given up all hope of finding what I sought, I turned about and started off at a slow run.

I followed the trail as far as the creek, for I knew that the Modocs had succeeded in tracing it that far. Upon reaching the stream, I waded out to the middle, and then, instead of going upstream as our tribe had done, I started to run down with the current. And now came the most important time of all; for I had to make it appear that they were not only following my own trail, but that of the whole tribe.

I hurried on through the brush of the valley, keeping always to the west, for what must have been nearly three hours. The sun was midway between the horizon and the zenith when I reached the top of a chain of hills that run north and south, barring my way.

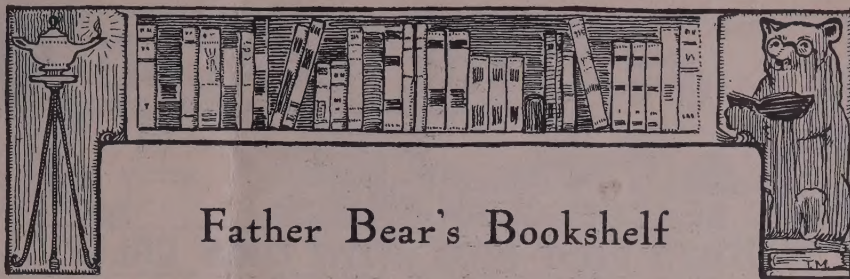
Here I paused and looked back over the floor of the valley below. For some time I waited, watching among the trees for some sign that the Modocs were on my trail. As the minutes passed and there was no sign of them, I lost all hope that my plan had been successful.

I had been watching a cleft in the trees caused by a little winding creek and suddenly saw two figures steal out from the shadows of the trees. Then some more appeared; and more, until there were at least thirty Modocs in the cleared spot below.

They paused but briefly and then plunged into the wood again. I knew now that my plan was working, but I came also to realize what it meant to be followed by a band of Modocs. If once they caught me and found out how they had been deceived, I realized that I could expect no mercy. And I did expect to be caught.

Nevertheless, this belief that I finally would be caught, did not make me run the slower. In front extended a thickly wooded valley and beyond that were more hills.

The level valley gave place to low foothills, and soon there was another terrible hill to climb. Before I reached the top of the first knoll, it seemed that I must drop. My breath came in short gasps and my legs seemed like lead.



Father Bear's Bookshelf

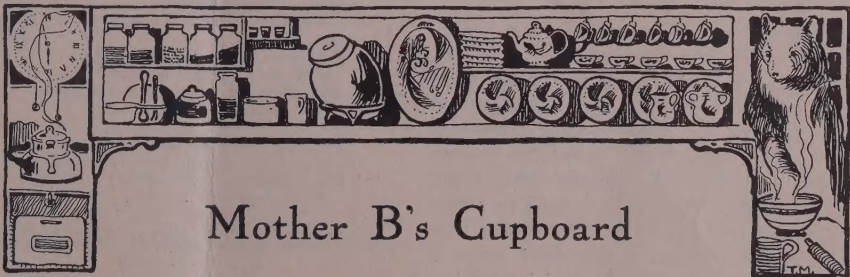
Come into my den today, dears, and let me show you, the book on my bookshelf. Mother Bear is busy in the cupboard stirring up recipes for THE BEACON, and Bobby is playing in his Rhyme Corner so you are more than welcome!

Here is **THE GOBLIN'S GLEN**, a fanciful, adventurous story in which you will meet such fascinating creatures as the Inklewink and the Inklewunk, The Pixie, the Blue Ming Cat, the Hamper, and Mr. Billycan. You will pass through a lovely fairy café where there is always "a strawberry-ice-cream-roast-duck smell"—The Happy Isles, and see the Blue Palace with its star spangled, blue dome, and silver walls encrusted with blue gems, and you will be sorry to wake up like the characters in the book and find it all a beautiful dream! **THE GOBLIN'S GLEN**. Harold Gaze. Little, Brown, and Company. \$2.00 net.

THE TRAIL BLAZERS. The story tells of the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1804 and as the trip lasted two years and four months, you can imagine all the daring exploits and narrow escapes with Indians and wild animals in an unexplored territory. Bird Woman, an Indian maiden, proves a second Pocahontas in the story, saving the band of explorers more than once from failure

and death. There is an exciting encounter that occurs between Captain Lewis and one of my own kin—a grizzly bear! and the best part of the book is that it is all true! **THE TRAIL BLAZERS**. Mary H. Wade. Little, Brown, and Company. \$1.65 net.

Did you ever wake up with a cold just when you are wanting to go somewhere badly and test out your voice by saying—"I haven't got a cold," and hoping that when you came downstairs mother wouldn't notice your hoarseness and red eyes? Did you ever own a cat called Sandy or an Airedale called Perry, and have a twin sister whose name was Laura? And did you ever have a Saint Valentine's birthday—and a "double birthday" at that? If you haven't done or possessed or even heard about such things, you will want to read about them in **TONY**, and of course, if you already have experienced the same delightful things that **TONY** has, you will want to hear them told over in this charming book. **TONY**. Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$1.75 net.



Mother B's Cupboard

Woof! This tingly autumn weather makes me stock my cupboard with "sugar n' spice n' everything nice" and here's a big bowl of Quince Honey, a medium-sized bowl of Old Virginia Molasses Taffy, and a little wee bowl of Spiced Apple Jelly.

Quince Honey

Pare, quarter, and core six quinces; to the cores and parings add one pint of water, simmer half an hour and strain through a sieve. Chop the quinces with a fine cutter, add a pint of water, and simmer while the cores are cooking; add pulp and juice from cores and boil ten minutes; add three and one half pounds sugar and boil five minutes, or until it jellies.

Old Virginia Molasses Taffy

Boil a pint of New Orleans molasses for twenty minutes. Stir in a quarter

teaspoon of baking soda and boil fifteen minutes or until it becomes brittle when tested in cold water. Stir the mixture constantly and when it becomes brittle, add a teaspoon of vinegar and a tablespoon of butter and pour into well-buttered pans. Mark the candy into squares with a buttered knife before it hardens.

Spiced Apple Jelly

Wash and quarter apples, cover with equal parts of water and vinegar, cook one half hour and drain. To each quart of juice add one third of a cup of mixed spices (tied in a bag), and allow it to boil twenty minutes. Remove the bag of spices and add heated sugar, using one quart for each quart of juice. Boil for ten minutes and pour into jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin when the jelly is cold and firm.



Greetings from your Postman! Quite a heavy mail today, and I'm that glad to pass what I can—on to you! Such a fine lot of penmen and women we have . . . almost looks as if that old adage were true, that the test of the literary and culinary aspirants is in the cream sauce and the letter. But read and judge for yourself!

Your good friend,

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

P. S. The names and addresses of The Beacon Club members who wish to correspond with fellow members:

Ruth Burkhard (12), 719 River Rd., Minneapolis, Minn.; Clara V. Kintzi (14), Lewistown, Mont.

LEWISTOWN, MONT.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. Our little city is too small to have a Unitarian Church but I go to the Methodist Sunday School. I am fourteen years old and a Sophomore in Fergus County High School in this city. I would like very much to have a correspondent from one of the foreign countries, also some from the eastern states as I could tell them of the western ranch life.

Sincerely,

CLARA V. KINTZI.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
5817 WATERMAN

Dear Miss Buck:—I belong to the Church of the Messiah. I am 9 years old. This morning in Sunday School our class had a play called "The Progress of Mankind" and we made up our own costumes. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I am sincerely yours,

LOUISE E. SPALDING.

(Continued from Page 11)

After what seemed ages, I stood tottering on the crest of the hill. I looked back and saw the foremost Indian coming, gaining at every step. This caused me, for the first time to look down into the valley before me. Near the stream were a number of wagons with faded gray covers. They were ranged in a sort of rough circle and from the center rose the smoke of a camp fire. And walking about among the wagons and before the fire, I saw my first white men.

I could hear the triumphant yelling of the foremost Modoc as he knew that at last the chase was ended, and over my shoulder I saw the flash of his knife.

Without hope, I saw one of the men below step apart from the others and stand very still, holding something to his shoulder and saw a white puff of smoke below. Then the green grass rose to meet me and I settled down gently into its cool depths. When I awoke, I was in the white man's camp down in the valley. Mr. White, the man whose shot had saved me, took me along with him to the mines. He became rich and sent me East to college.

"But Mr. Burdos," we questioned, "but, the other tribe, did they get away?"

"That," he said, "is what I am going out to California to find out."

Dear Scribblers:

Two contributors of long standing have been awarded The Beacon Club Award for this issue. We have had their material on file for quite a time, and we print their work in this column in acknowledgment of its excellence and as a sample of the type of work we wish you all to strive to do!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

A Trip In a Hydroplane

BY EUNICE E. COOK (Age 14)

Just supposing you and I could go up in a hydroplane,—how would we do it?

Well, the very first thing we would do would be to put on heavy "baa-baa" coats, and hats just like them. If it were very windy, a pair of auto-goggles would finish us off. Then, the hydroplane, we'll call it "The Flyer," would come as close to the shore of the ocean as it possibly could. A man would put a chair beside it so that we could step on and over into the hood of the engine and into a seat beside the pilot. The next thing we would be skimming over the water, with a loud noise ringing in our ears from the engine. We would probably feel so bewildered and confused that we would scarcely notice the noise. The next thing, we would realize that we were going up! Gradually, until "The Flyer" lands in the clouds. Finally we would begin to descend; a circle, a dip, and the pilot would turn off his motor, with only a soft purring to be heard.

We would skim over the water until we reached the shore. When we got out of the plane, we would still hear the noise ringing in our ears. There, haven't we had a lovely ride together?

Sunlight and Moonlight

BY KATHERINE LOUISE WALLACE (Age 7)

Sunlight and Moonlight

Make the flowers grow

In the lovely summer,

And help to melt the snow.

Moonlight brings the little stars,

And makes it light at night,

And then the sun comes out again

And shines with all his might.

Then the sun goes down again,

And the rain-drops start to fall,

But Sunlight and Moonlight

Bring happiness to all.

CHURCH-SCHOOL DOINGS

BY THE EDITOR

Here's the place to use a memory-cap. What were our schools doing just before the summer vacation? All that news came to the Editor's desk after June 1, so it reaches our readers in the autumn.

Some of you must have been watching the progress of the two teams, "Stars" and "Beacons" in our school in the first church in Providence, R. I. The winning team, the "Stars," received the award of the Mowry Cup. And think what it means for each team to win so many points for good work. It is all to the good, cup or no cup.

We are glad to begin to have news from Winthrop, Mass. The Church School held its first annual exhibition in the church in June. There were three important events. 1. Two prizes, \$5.00 and \$2.00 in gold for the best papers on Biblical Information written, as an examination, by a pupil and a teacher. 2.

These puzzlers will take you to South America, to the zoo, and end up by giving you a brand new charade!

TWISTED RIVERS OF BRAZIL

1. Aaonmz
2. Ooorgie
3. Aaeiarm
4. Oaanrp
5. Uusrp
6. Auayrp
7. Auuoj

MILDRED FRANK AND ELEANOR FOOTE.

HIDDEN ANIMALS

1. Where is Cape Sable?
2. She is able to read well.
3. You must be a very good girl.
4. We have music at school.
5. Do go away.
6. We left the car at Boston.
7. Is the cheese all gone?
8. Shall I only take one?
9. We will go at ten o'clock.
10. They made errors.

E. A. CALL.

CHARADE

My first is a tip for a maid.
My second is something you ring.
My whole you will feel
When with too eager zeal

From your sick bed you struggle to spring!

P. R. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. I.

PUZZLE 1.—Don't you love to hear the birds
Sing in the early sunlight?
They help God cheer the world each day
And happily work from dawn 'til night.
ACROSTIC.—Star, Time, Amen, Rend, Mail, Anna,
Into, Laon, Melt, Ever, Lena, Trap.
WORD PUZZLE.—Wash, Ash, Twig, Saw, Saint,
Age, Tan, Ton, Nan, Tin, Nag, Gash, Hag.
TWISTED NATIONS.—France, Luxemburg, Switzerland,
Greece, Bulgaria, Mexico, China.

The presentation to the school of the annual gift, purchased from Birthday Box offerings. 3. An exhibition of school handwork from The Beacon Course. The superintendent of this school is henceforth to be known as its Principal.

And the picnics! Is there a single church school in our fellowship that did not have one? We hope not. It is a fine ending to a year's work and worship together in church and school, to be able to enjoy a whole day together in God's good outdoors.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from:
299 Madison Ave., New York City
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscription, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

Printed in Boston, U. S. A., Old Colony Press